DID YOU EVER SEE A GHOST?

Well, if You Did, Here's a Chance to Tell of It.

"The Evening World" Will Give a Gold Double Eagle for the Best Ghost Story.

Everybody May Enter the Lists. so Send in Your Experience.

It Will Be an Interesting Contest and in Keeping with the Christmas Holidays,

Did you ever see a ghost? THE EVENING WORLD has a hankering desire to see that ghost through your specta-

Did the spirit of some departed one ever haunt you in your waking hours and perch on the footboard of your bed while you slept 7 THE EVENING WORLD would like to hear

you describe your shadow.
Since the earliest days of history ghosts have played a more or less prominent part in the affairs of men. It was the ghost of his father which kept prodding the conscience of the muddy-nettled Hamlet, and the ghost of Banquo, standing ever at the back of Macbeth's banquet chair, persist-

back of Macbeth's banquet chair, persistently refused to down, while it is a matter of recent history that though Dan McGinty has gone down to the bottom of the sea steen thousand times or more, his ghost perambulates the Dock Department just the same, "dressed in his best suit of clothes," Have you seen McGinty's ghost?

Ah, what an interview McGinty's ghost could favor a reporter with!

Away back in the far-away days, when Santa Claus was a reality—of the imagination—and the moon was really made of green cheese; when the end of the world was just at the beginning of the next block, and a dark closet was a bottomiess abyas—surely in those dark ages you must have met a wraith face to face!

Ebenezer Scrooge was as matter of fact as any man you might number among your acquaintances, so Dickens assures us, and Jacob Marley had been dead many years, dead as a door nail, yet Scrooge, who had thought of nothing but £. s. d. since he became a man—Scrooge, who could not be accused of too much imagination, saw the ghost of Marley as plain as he could see his bedpost.

It was at Christmas time—in fact, it was

bedpost.

It was at Christmas time—in fact, it was the night before Christmas, when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. Indeed, Christmas time seems to be just the most propitions for seeing ghosts, and THE EVENING WORLD boldly offers the proposition that there are just as many ghosts knocking about o' nights in this year of grace 1889 as there ever were in the most ghostly age of the world.

world.

Just as many shutters are rattled by in-yisible hands; just as many haunted houses; just as many crouching, cowering, terror-stricken children in their darkened bed-

stricken children in their darkened bedrooms.

The nurse-girl has filled the mind of her baby charge full of goblins and spooks and boogies, just as her mother and grandmother and great-grandmother filled yours and your father's and your grandfather's in their turn; and the nurse-girl's male cousin in boots has sent the shivers up and down her spinal marrow with more prodigious ghost stories, just as other generations of male cousins have thrilled other generations of male cousins have thrilled other generations of of nurse-girls since the world began.

Beside the great fireplace sits the granddame, croning the story of her own experience with ghosts, and, in short, there seems to be a large number of people who are or have been on speaking, not to say intimate, terms with spooks and bodliess spirits.

These fortunate people are now addressed by Tag Evening World. They shall be the favored class during the holidays. They shall have an Evening world contest all to themselves, and one of them shall have a golden double eagle to begin 1800 with.

The Evening World offers a twenty-dollar gold piece to that reader who sends to the editor the best account of his or her personal intercourse with a ghost.

The ghost story must not be more than 200 words long, written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Ghost Editor.

It has been hinted that ghost stories were digressions from the truth in every instance.

ditor. It has been hinted that ghost stories were igressions from the truth in every instance. This wou doe equal to raying that he who tells a ghost story is a fibber. Of course The Evening World does not indores this sentiment at all, but it may be stated here properly that The Evening World will not hold itself responsible for the truth of the stories told in this contest. Twenty dollars is a good deal of money!

Send on your ghost experiences! The contest is now open.

CHINESE FOOT FASHIONS.

Ladies of High Degree Adhere to the

Practice of Compressing Their Feet. The Chinese, in spite of their claims to an advance in civilization, writes the Chicago Journal's Washington man, still adhere to the outlandish custom of crippling the women among the higher classes, by binding their feet in childhood to prevent their growing to the nat-

ural size. The wife of the Chinese Minister, who the wife of the Chinese shinker, who is here, is a victim of this custom. She hobbles about painfully. When she comes down stairs, and if you are so fortunate to see her about the door of the legation on these pleasant evenings, you will see that she is able to take only a few steps at

that she is able to take only a few steps at a time, and limps about aupporting herself with a hand against the wall or upon the shoulder of an attendant.

I was talking recenly with a very intelligent Chinaman, who is here, and who, by the way, is an officer of high rank under the Chinese Government, and he admitted frankly that this absurd custom was to be practised and that it tom continues to be practised and that it seems to gain popularity, year by year, He admitted its absurdity and cruelty, and expressed a wish that the custom might be abandoned by the people of his

country.

Curiously enough, the family of the Emperor and sebers of high official rank count this practice as do also the common people of that country.

HIS FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

Farmer Frank Engleman Contends With His Fists Against the Bird and Kills It.

A farmer named Frank Engleman, living a few miles west of Nashville, was attacked by a fierce, full-grown gray eagle on Friday evening, while on his way to town, says the Indianspolis

When first noticed the bird was at a

When first noticed the bird was at a great height in mid-air.

A minute later it dropped down upon Engleman with a shrill scream, striking him with t triffe force, and burying its talons in his clothing and flesh. Engleman was on horseback and at a great disadvantage. Before he could dismount he was badly clawed by the bird fle was without weapons, and could only defend himself with his bare hands. The tight inted fully an hour, the engle plus ging at him from every quarter.

only defend himself with his bare hands. The tight lasted sully an hour, the engle plus gins at him from every quarter. Twice did the man attempt to run, but each time the great bird threw itself in his way and prevented his retreat.

At length he caught it by its talons, and with hands and feet succeeded in slaying it. The bird measured six feet four inches from tip to tip.

POLICE, AND RIVER THIEVES.

How Our Water Front Is Protected by Day and Night.

Duties of the Harbor Squad Described by Veteran Capt. Smith.

"No, sir; there are no river pirates in these waters now," said Police Capt. Smith, in answer to an Evening World reporter's query, "and there haven't been any gangs at work on the river for some years, either." Capt. Smith is in charge of the harbor police, which, though not often mentioned in the daily papers, has a large amount of work to perform, and is a most valuable adjunct to the Police Department of this city. The harbor service was organized thirty years ago. Capt. Smith has been in charge of the steamboat squad for four years, having succeeded Capt. Schultz.

During that time he has been most active in the suppression of all phases of crime,



A STEAMBOAT PATROL. and at the present time a citizen's life and property is just as safe on the water as on the pavements in the city.

The duties of the Harbor Police have not ceased with the disappearance of river pirates. There is always plenty of work to demand their attention. In addition to watching for petty larcenies the harbor police have to look out for mutinies, riots, violations of the excise laws, gamblers on steamboats, law-breaking captains who dump refuse into the river channels, prizefighters and junkmen without licenses, in addition to attending fires and oftentimes doing duty for the Health Department in guarding fever-infected ships.

Capt. Smith assumed command about the

time Supt. Murray came into his present position. Since he took charge numerous changes have been made in the method of

changes have been made in the method of conducting business, and the value of the force has been more than doubled. Previous to that time no attempt was made to control the sale of inquor on the water; but soon after Capt. Smith took command a rule was made forbidding the business. Capt, Smith made the first arrest, and his prisoner was convicted.

The duties of this branch of the police force take the policeman all over the waters adjoining New York City.

The small steamboat Patrol is utilized for this purpose, and many a cruise has she made in the dead of night, to return at the break of day with a neat capture of lawbreakers.

Capt. Smith's bailiwick extends over nearly one hundred miles of river front. It extends along both shores of the Hudson River, from the upper extremity of Yonkers, down the Upper and Lower Raritan Bays, the shore of Sandy Hook, the eastern shore of the bays of Long Island, and through the East River and Sound as far as the Bronz.

Capt. Smith's command consists of over forty men. He has three sergeants, two roundsmen and twenty-one patrolmen. In addition to these his crew shoard the Patrol consists of a salling-master, two patrols, a chief engineer, two assistant engineers, other the firms and two men in each of three working boats. After each tour the boats return to the steamer and are sent out again with new crews.

An appropriation was made some time ago for the building of two steam launches, but it was insufficient, and the boats have not yet been completed. When they are, and



ONE OF THE NEW LAUNCHES.

it is expected they will be before next Summer, the Harbor Squad will be well equipped. An attempt is also being made to increase the force of patrolmen from twenty-one, the present number, to 35.

"There are no organized gangs of river thieves," continued Capt. Smith, "and about the only species we now see is what are called speculators. These men are junkmen, who buy where they can, or off lighters. They remove their plunder at night, and it is very difficult to get evidence against them. While not being justified in calling them thieves, their operations are peculiar and are not such as to inspire any great amount of confidence in them.

"They are very sharp in their operations, destroying evidence against them, and it has always been thought that none of them could be convicted; but we got a case two months ago, and the evidence was sufficient to hold them.

"Two of our men saw four men taking sugar from just below Harbeck's stores and want towards them to get some explanation. As they got mear them the men took alarm and dropped their cargo/over into the water, and triel to escape. We found bags on the boat with no marks on them whatever. We sent over to the big sugar firms and they sent their experts over to examine the plunder. It was identified as a bravel imported by the Havemeyers. The bottom of the river was drelged and researches were rewarded by finding a bag of sigar just as it came off the ship. The men were tried and convicted.

"The very worst case I ever had," continued Capt. Smith, "was that of Frank ONE OF THE NEW LAUNCHES.

warded by Inding a bag of sugar just as it came off the ship. The men were tried and convicted.

'The very worst case I ever had," continued Capt. Smith, "was that of Frank Martin, a young river thief who is now serving a twenty-years' sentence, and Edward Skimmings, his pal, who was sent up for eighteen years at the same time.

"Martin was a dangerous man and had made several attempts on the lives of police officers before.

"These two worthies were a part of a gang of pirates who infested the North River. The night of Ang. 21, 1885, they boarded the ting Edward C. Hawley, lying at the foot of Charlton street.

"The steward suspected them of attempting to steal hawsers and was about to give an alarm when they jumped upon him, and Martin, pistol in hand, commanded him to keep quiet. With the bistol at his forehead he obeyed and the gang escaped.

"They then boarded another wessel, and the patrol came along. Officers Hand and Weldon started after them, but they oscaped to the shore.

"The steward of the Hawley remembered."

Weldon started after them, but they escaped to the shore.

The steward of the Hawley remembered Martin's face. The case was reported in the morning. The night following the effects say two men loading sugar in a boat. They were surprised at their work and ran away. In the boat the policemen found some counterpanes from the Edward Hawley, and an active search for the men began. They were caught the next morning. There has never been anybody on the river since who has worried us in the least. August James Flood used to steal horses, but he has gone away.

worried us in the least. August James Flood used to steal horses, but he has zone away.

In fact, we have all sorts of people to deal with—people who will steal anything they can lay their hands on, from a piece of rone to a yacht.

"Several years ago we caught a man with a yacht which he had stolen from Greenwich, Conn. It was loaded with stuff he had stolen on the cruise and was worth many thousands of dollars.

"We had been notified that a yacht had been stolen from its owner, and we kept a sharp lookout. About four weeks later we found a yacht up the Hudson, opposite the Palisades. The people aboard of her acted rather queerly and suspicion was attracted to them. The description of the yacht talled with that of the stolen craft, except that she had been newly painted and her name had been newly painted and her name had been changed. My men put off in a small boat and went aboard very quietly. What we saw confirmed our suspicions, and we found the head of the thieves on the upper deck fast asleep in a hammonk.

"He was arrested. He said he owned the years and had been cruising around the Bound, down the Bay and claimed to belong to Elizabethport. The owner was believed.

BEAUTY IN SHOW-WINDOWS.

graphed for and he identified his property the next day. "The man who stole his yacht was his own

"We also have to keep a strict leokout to see that the laws against prize-dishting are enforced. We have laid many a hot chase after fighters, and have arrested several large parties, notably the crowd that winnessed the mill between LaBlanche, the Marine and Jack Variey.

"Nome of our officers are aboard of every ocean steamer that leaves the city. Thoy go aboard and keep watch until time for saling to look out for suspicious characters.

"Our work now is more to prevent crime than to detect it. We have got control and intend to keep it.

"Probably the worst section of our territory is along the Brooklyn docks from Hamilton ferry to field Hook. At this point vessels from all portions of the globe are docked. They carry all sorts of valuable merchandise, and in former times inclamen or speculators did a thriving business, but it is too dangerous for them now.

"It is only by constant vigilance that this state of affairs is preserved, and the chances are that if we relinquished our hold for a moment things would go back to their former conditions."

GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE.

The Last Resting-Place of the Great

Novelist Neglected and Forgotten.

A graveyard is not, under the most ad-

vantageous circumstances, a cheerful spot, says a writer in the Philadelphia

Times, but I never saw one that impressed me in such a dreary way as does High-

gate. Why George Eliot was buried

there is easily enough understood. It is the last resting-place of George H. Lewes.

All the world knows by this time that

she sacrificed her life for his, and so

she sacrificed her life for his, and so great was the sacrifice that it would not have been inappropriate if she had been laid by his side in death. Why this was not done I do not know, but Lewes is buried diagonally off to her right, on the tier of graves behind hers.

A small monument stands at the head of the great writer's grave. It is a tapering shaft of gray Scotch granite. Upon its base are carved two lines from her own pon: 'Of those immortal deat, who live again in minds made better by their presence." Then follows the statement of the date of her birth and death. There is little about the grave to interest a visitor. It seems to be fast going to ruin. Weeds choke up the little roadway that leads to it and are smothering the few flowers planted there by loving hands.

There are not many visitors either.

There are not many visitors, either, Indeed I may say that the great writer's grave is almost neglected. She who is still talked of in the world as one of the great writers and thinkers of a great age, whose light went out only so short a time age, is now left to sleep her last sleep in a most unfortunate and lonesome spot.

Who is responsible for this I do not know, but it would seem that something might be done to make the place at least attractive enough to warrant visitors in making the journey from London. The grave-keeper, who accompanied me, professed ignorance of the whole matter and said that very few English people visited the spot. If an American, or a German, or a Frenchman makes the trip it is not repeated the second time.

She had not much that was bright and cheery in her life, as all the world knows.

She had not much that was bright and cheery in her life, as all the world knows, and in death she siceps in the most sorrowful spot in all London. And yet one of the clerks in Mudie's great establishment told me that George Eliot's "Middlemarch" is still regarded by English readers as one of the great works of the age, for at present it is the book that seems to be most in demand after those of current integer and issued from day

of current interest and issued from day

SAVE THE DARLING'S SHOES.

A Pretty Fad Is that of Ornamenting

Cast-Off Footwear with Bronze. A gentleman who looks after the decora-

tion of houses for a big furniture house

of is that of taking a cast off shoe of some

one of the family and bronzing it for a

ornament for a bracket, table or writing-

desk. ... I know a lady who has a pretty little

"I know a lady who has a pretty little home. Her means are not quite up to her ambition, so she has to make the most of the pretty little things which women like. She had a baby that died, and like most mothers she saved its clothing and all of its trinkets. She put away its little shoes and one day it occurred to her to brenze them.

"In one she inserted some tinfoil and this gave the shoe the proper heft for a paperweight on her desk. In the other she inserted a little brass bucket for a matchsafe and put it on her husband's writing-desk. Every crease which haby's foot made is there. The idea is a pretty one. The idea is not confined to baby's shoes but extends to men's and women's.

"I know a young man who has one of

"I know a young man who has one of the old shoes of his sweetheart bronzed, and he keeps it on the table in his room, and she has one of his shoes likewise ornamented. I think there will be a craze for this sort of thing."

LOUISVILLE'S HANDSOME WOMEN.

Belles Whose Beauty Gained Them

National Reputations.

Arkansas, where she buried her mother,

Mrs. Capt. Key, who died near Helena,

Mrs. Key formerly lived in Louisville

and was famed for her own loveliness of

person and the great beauty of her three daughters. Mrs. Helen Key Schoft, Mrs. Bell Key Zobritzky and Mrs. Anna Ward. The former two ladies resided in New York, and, up to the time of their death ware noted belies and beauties. It was when they lived here that Louisville gained the world-wide reputation for her protty girls.

gained the world-wide reputation for her pretty girls.

It is probable that no city in the world, of any size, contained such brilliantly beautiful women as did this city at that time, though we hardly had more than 40,006 people. A lady the other evening said that did such remarkably handsome woman reside here now the town would be noted all over the civilized globe.

There were, she remarked, Mrs. Sallie Ward Hunt, Miss Emily Ward, Miss Lilly Ward, Miss Belle Sheridan, Miss Belle Key, Miss Anna Key, Miss Helen Key and a few others, who have not, their equals in beauty, the world over. This can well be undersubted and believed from the evidence of one's byes today.

says the Louisville Post,

Mrs. Anna Ward has just returned from

There are not many visitors, either.

We also have to keep a strict lookout to

Rivalry Among Window-Dressers for "The Evening World" Medals.

All Windows to Be Inspected by the Committee of Award.

the next day.

"The man who stole his yacht was his own son-in-law.

"We have also had a great deal of trouble in breaking up the gangs which infested excursion boats. Nowadays we knew of every excursion that leaves the city and one of our men stands at the game-plank, and if anybody known to be a rowly attempts to go aboard, he is warmed of what whi happen if he greates any disturbance.

"We have also put a stop to the organization of excursions by the toughs themselves. Whon we hear they are acting in an excursion, we notify them that they will not be allowed to leave the per. In this way many people have been saved from serious minury and possible loss of life.

There used to be a great number of rows aboard excursion erait. In August, 1885, the Thos. R. Albert Association gave an excursion up the river. They had a steamer and two barges, the Thos. B. Thomas Grillard and Harvest Onen. They left the feat of Clinton street and procee et to Fort Washington. On the return, James McCartle, a young tough and a leater of the Breecher street gang, attacked the lunch counter and a general fight ensued. A pistoleha was ired, and the built struck two men. There was a general fight, durang which plates, places, lamp globes, and even chairs were thrown.

"The Patrol ran alongside and arrested the gang and brought the party back to the city.

We also have to keep a strict leokout to THE EVENING WORLD window-dressing contest will close Friday. The Committee of Inspection will begin its rounds to-morrow, Dec 18, and continue through Thursday and Friday.

Interest has been steadily growing among

artistic window-decorators in dry goods, gents furnishings and clothing stores. Some beautiful displays have resulted from their efforts, a few of which are mentioned

James D. Brower, who has control of the windows of the establi hment of Bloomingdale Bros., Third avenue and Fifty-ninth



street, is a young man scarcely thirty. He has been in the window-dressing business for over fifteen years, during which he has been connected with several well-known

houses outside of this city.

Three years ago he came to Bloomingdale's, where he has remained ever since. He has ontered The Evenino World window-dressing contest, and has arranged several attractive nictures. The pieces, Mr. Brower claims, are all original, and carried out by himself without any assistance. One of the principal exhibits is an emblematic tower for the World's Fair in 1892. It is composed entirely of fancy handlerchiefs, which range in value from 25 cents to \$25 each. The entire piece represents a value of \$7,000. A column, 12 feet high, stands on each side of the window, spanned by an arch, from which is suspended a nuggeglobe. While the globe revolves a minature elevator runs up and down each column from the ground to the summit.

Another of Mr. Brower's exhibits represents the proposed Centonina Arch, for which something over \$60,000 has been raised. The Centennial Arch occupies two windows, is ten feet high and sixteen long. It is finished it was now, which gives a marble effect, and is decorated with fancy Christmas tree trimmings. A very pretty effect is obtained at night by the addition of several large Christmas bells, which are highted by electricity, throwing light upon the entire figure.

There are also very handsome displays of plush and art goods, huge boats being set in the windows where these goods are displayed, and the articles arranged in an artistic manner. The material used in this window consists of the finest wares and is played, and the articles arranged in an artistic manner. The material used in this window actists of the finest wares and is played, and the victors are G. V. Liander, of Dantell's; Keep Manufacturing Company; J. L. Barnard, of D. M. Willams & Co., One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue; Fraba H. Gerbrach, of J. Paisley's Sone, 397 Sixth avenue, shoe dealers; Bend, F. Meauet, 768 Third avenue, says "The Boston," the circulation of Tun Evenino done in the street and Third avenue; Fraba H. Gerbrach, of J. Paisley's Sone, 397 Sixth avenue, shoe dealers; says "The Boston," the circulation of Tun Evenino done in the street and the square inch here as He has entered THE EVENING WORLD window-dressing contest, and has arranged sev-

windows in original dress we will set up a bottle of appleack."

John F. Hayes calls attention to his artistic work in the windows of McPartland & O'Flaherty's. Eighth avenue, Fortieth and Forty-first streets. It is a miniature view of the Statue of Liberty and the busy New York harbor.

1. M. & A. Berel, 35 and 37 Avenue D, offer "McGinty" as a holiday attraction. They amounce that they have found him, and that he is holding receptions in their store windows.

store windows.

Martin Derx, men's fornisher, at 631
Broadway, writes: 'I shall do my utmost
to earn the gold medal for my line, but if not
successful in gaining that I hope my window
will be at least worthy of honorable mention."

Joseph Larivec has just completed a cot-Joseph Larry Brand of & Sons windows, 18ge in one of Rosendorf & Sons windows, 277 and 278 Grand street. The cottage is made of dry 100 is and is very artistic.

The Committee of Avard will make their inspection of the windows in the contest Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this CRUSHED BY THE ELEPHANT.

on Wabash avenue said to a Chicago Details of the Death of One of Bar-" One of the prettiest fads that I know num's Men in England.

> I have . just seen, writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette the two elephants which were the cause of the terrible death of George Stevens at Clympia yesterday. Mandarin is one of the largest elephants in Messrs. Barnum & Bailey's collection. Nick is one of the smallest. Mandarin and Nick are old friends and are always hobbled alongside of each other on that account.

> It was about an bour before Olympia opened for the afternoon show. The two giants (Nick weighs some five thousand giants (Nick weighs some five thousand pounds, no one knows how much Mandarin weighs) were, as they frequently are, gamboling. The floor of the stable was wet and slippery. George Stevens, one of the keepers, was sweeping up and cleaning the oeds for the coming show. He was standing just behind Nick, paying no attention to the frolies of the gigantic transfer.

> friends. Suddenly Mandarin gave Nick a shove with his head a trifle more forcibly than usual, and the smaller elephant was not strong enough to withstand it. Mandarin's strength may be judged from the fact that he it is who is always employed in the Winter quarters at Bridgeport, and when the great show is travelling, to push into position the luge animal dens, which require with the or twelve horses to pull require eight, ten or twelve horses to pull them, but which he pushes along without

an effort.
When he butted Nick in his play, Nick, unsteady on the slippery boards of the stable, fell over on to his side, right upon

stable, fell over on to his side, right upon poor. Stevens, and almost instantly crushed the life out of him.

For a few minutes the elephant-house was in a state of terror. George Conkling, the animal trainer, was present and saw the whole occurrence. He mised an an alarm, the doctor retained on the premises by Messrs. Barnum & Bailey was quickly in the stable, and did what he could, but to no purpose. The air cells in Stevens's lungs had been lurst by the enormous weight which had fallen upon the poor man.

Mandarm, it may be observed, is the father of the baby elephant, Columbia, the only elephant that was ever born in confinement in America, and is one of the most docile of the entire herd belonging to the great show.

ing to the great show.

Just as Good, Anyhow. Father-Willie, what is your teacher going to give you for a Christmas present? Willie-A holiday. Father-I should call that an absent, in-stead of a present, HOW THE INDIANS PRAY.

INTERESTING INFORMATION REGARD-ING NORTH CAROLINA CHEROKEES.

Various Spirits to Talk To and Earnest Supplications for All Sorts of Occasions - Virtues of the Magic Number Four - Reverence for Bodies of Running Water.

When a Cherokee desires the death of an enemy, says an ethnological correspondent of the Chicago Tones, he curchases the proper formula from a native priest, unless he prefers to hire the prest to pronounce it for him, and, turning towards the west, prays: "O, black man, please go and kill So and So." Or, if he merely wishes the failers or defeat of an enemy, he faces towards the north and addresses his supplication to the tilue man.

In case he is anxious to invoke buppiness or power for himself or another, he prays to the white man in the south or the red man in the west, accordingly.

When a person is very sick the priestdoctor turns to the east and prays: "Now listen, you red man who repore in the east, and hasten to me; here is a patient who needs your attention," &c. Next the priest prays to the blue man, the white man and the black man to come and help remove the sickness; and the four powerful spirits together are supposed to take the disease and throw it into the great Western lakes.

Everything among the Cherokees must go by fours-four being a sacred number - and in praying to an animal the beast must be addressed in the four quarters of the compass. If the dog is invoked, the red dog in the East, the blue dog in the North, the white dog in the South and the

North, the white dog in the South and the black dog in the West must all be talked to. Likewise it is with everything except water and fire, which, being always at hand, have no distant abiding places.

Water and fire are worshipped, too, with great awe. Water is prayed to under the name of the long man, who has his heat in the mountains and his foot in the ocean. To the Cherokees the river is a live person. "Oh, make me like you," say," who are so big and so strong any, "who are so big and so strong any," who are so big and so strong any," who are so big and so strong any, "who are so big and so strong any," who are so big and so strong any," and fire is called the ancient white, because it is very old, the dead ashes are white and the flame is white. We don't call flame white, but they do, their differentiation of colors being less distinct than ours. The red-hot coals are the ancient red. Lightning and thunder together they call the great red man. He is red, you see, because he is powerful, red being the color signifying power.

The sun is called the measurer because it measures time.

When he is in love the Cherokee prays

The sun is called the measurer because it measures time.

When he is in love the Cherokee prays to beautiful birds, to the river, to the sun and to the moon. Most frequently he addresses the yellow-hammer, be-eaching it to make him handsome and a tractive to the women. Also he prays to the red spider—red being symbolic of success—to wind its meshes around the heart of his loved one. his loved one.

—to wind its meshes around the heart of his loved one.

Of the prayer formulæ used in supplicating all taese objects and many more I have brought back with me from North Carolina a very complete collection. They are all wonderfully poetical. Very prettily imaginative is the prayer addressed to an approaching storm that threatens the corn crops, which supplies their staple food. The priest stands at the corner of the corn-patch with one hand uplifted as if to warn the storm sway.

'You are coming on in a terrible way," he says "and I am much afraid of you. But I know that you are looking for your wife. Now, she didn't come this way; she went over that way, and if you will follow her path above the tree tops yonder you will not be disturbed. So go away and don't interfers with the old woman."

As he speaks, the priest waves the storm away and blows with his breath against it. The "old woman" he refers to is the corn, so called because it first sprang from the blood of an old woman. But any lay Cherokee who heard the priest refer to the corn as the "old by one of the "old woman."

priest refer to the corn as the "old woman" would not understand what it meant, such poetical and mythological terms being a part of the archaic ritual known only to the priesthood. Even if the farmer buys the formula of the priest the farmer buys the formula of the priest to use he doesn't know what it signifies exactly, the religious language being composed largely of obsolete forms. They worship the mountains and all the plants that grow on them. For insfance, they pray to the ginseng, which has a forked root crudely resembling the shape of a human being. They call it the very great man, and when they find one of the plants they repeat a formula tangent them

plants they repeat a formula taught them by the priests—for a consideration—saying:
"Oh, mountain, I have come to take a small piece from your side." Then the finder digs the pisht up and puts a glass bead into the hole to pay the mountain for the piant, The seventh plant found has an especial medicinal value, and the

first four plants discovered must not be touched, though after others have been gathered the searcher may go back and collect those four.

MRS. ASTOR'S JEWELS.

She Has Probably the Largest Collection in America.

Mrs. Astor has probably the largest and most costly collection of jewels in America, the aggregate value of which is over haif a million, says the New York correspondent of the Richmond Times.

The principal piece of this glittering pile is a necklace composed of three strands of pure white slones, each measuring half an inch in diameter. Every one of these is absolutely flawless. She has two other neckaces, one of large rose diamonds with a magnificent ruby pend-ant and the other of white stones of great value, with a large oval pendant, in the centre of which is a single diamond worth \$1,500. A new piece which Mrs. Aster has pur-

chased recently is in the form of a V, and is composed of twelve rows of large dismonds graduated to a point. She wears this piece attached to the front of her coreage, and it makes a glittering breastplate.
Although so truly an American, Mrs.

Astor is the possessor of three dialents, each of them worth almost the purchase of a throne. One is all of diam and, another is of immense rose diamonds alternated with emeralds, and the other, a veritable crown, contains several hundred gems, and the points are surmounted with

gems, and the points are surmounted with pearls as large as filterts.
Tesidea the crowns there are twelve diamond stars for the hair, a bird of dia-monds, two diamond crescents, and a sun with a ruby centre and diamond rays. There are bracelets, pins, rings, and small ornaments without number. It would be impossible for Mrs. Astor to wear all her jewels at once.

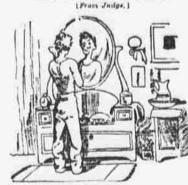
The Reason. [From the Glasgow Mail.]

Mrs. Westend-Ah! I am delighted that Mrs. Stuckup and family have returned from the seasids at last. You staid unusually late last season.
Little Dick Stuckup-Yes'm. The land-lord wouldn't let our trunks go.

MIRTH'S CANOPY.

Feast of Fun and Reason to Which All Are Invited.

Acknowledging the Corn.



Charlie Clark (getting up in the morning) - Darned if I blame that Senninger girl for refusing me after all.

(N. B. – It was one of those pleasant boarding-house skew mirrors.)

Had the Best of It.

"My papa's got some new horses and a nice new brougham."
"Well, my papa's going to buy a new yacht." yacht." And my mamma's got a lovely new piano."
Well-w-well, my mamma's got a cook
that has stayed two weeks !"

From the Heart.

(From Judge,)
The manager of a matrimonial agency is responsible for the statement that when he proposes a candidate for the hands of his proposes a candidate for the hands of his lady natrons the young girls invariably ask: "What is he like?" "The widows inquire: "What are his birsiness prespects?" While the old maids breathlessly ejaculate:

late: Offest heavens! quick! Where is he?" Give Him Something Harder.

Promite Harvard Lampson, I Hungry Tramp-What do you give for these diffeen-cent lunches you advertise?
Proprietor—Give you a first-rate appetite for your dinner. Got any more questions to ask?

In the Bookstore.

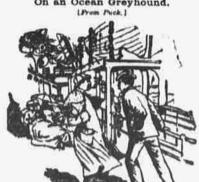
[From Puck.] "That man just going out has a very interesting history," said She. teresting history, "said She.
"Indeed!" said Ben Hur, looking back-ward. "Would you mind telling me what it is?"
"Mrs. Lamb's History of New York." re-plied She. "He has just bought it."

Explained.

"To what do you attribute your success in life?" asked the economist.
"To my failure," replied the ex-merchant. Lilian's Impressions.

[From Judga.]
Little Lilian was taken to Staten Island. When the boat passed the statue of the Goddess of Liberty she cried out "Oh, what a big mamma!"
On one of the recent foggy mornings when taken out she exclaimed, moving her hands as if to brush the for away. Too much dust; can't see; too much dust."

On an Ocean Greyhound.



Mr. Henry Clay-Where is the smokingroom—on the saloon or main deck?
Mr. C. Howard Jay (who had experienced an experience on the voyage over)—On the upper deck, I guess.

Heard in the Park. [From Judy.] Sir Reginald—Oh, there's the little girl who slapped me at the party last night.

My Lady—I hope you had done nothing to
deserve it.

Sir Reginald—Only slapped her—that was
all. Nasty little thing:

Getting Even.

[From Time.]
First Dude-No wonder I am pale, Clawrence. Fweddy played a mean twick on me. Second Dude—What was it, old fel?
"Why, I gave him a cigar, y know, and
the cruwel fellow made me stay in the room
while he smoked it, bah Jove."

Christmas Comes but Once a Year. [From Life.] Mamma-No, Tommy, you can't have any

more pudding; it will make you sick.
Tommy 'sulkily'-Well, haven't 1 got a
whole year to get over it?

The Wind Blew Through.

Gaggs-Why, what a cough you have ! Waggs-Yes: lost my coller-button two days ago; been catching cold through the button-hole ever since.

A Clear Title.

[From Time.] Miss Van Allwool-Are you sure Baron de Schnag is a genuine nobleman? Mr. McBallaster—Sure? Why he borrowed \$600 of one man.

She Couldn't Catch On [From the Macon Evening News.]
The Italian who runs the peanut stand on Fourth street was turning his peanut roaster the other afternoon with slow and measured the other atternoon with slow and measured hand, when an old woman came to a halt and carefully observed the operation. After scrutinizing the roaster from every side she finally gaye it up and remarked:

"No, sir: you don't get a cent out of me for no such music as that. Why, I can't catch half of any of the tunes, and its smells as if something was burning inside."

> The Last Straw. I From Judge. 1



Mr. Bilnap (disappearing)-B'gosh ! even the sign-painters lie in this peaky taown.

IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

What Is Going On Among the Promoters of Sport.

Will Jimmy Carroll Claim Me-Auliffe's Belt ?

The supporters of the new Players' League are enthusiastic over its prospects. Said a prominent baseball enthusiast at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening. "I don't see why the Players' League shouldn't succeed, despite all the National League can do to harm it. People have a mistaken idea about the new League. It is not an experimental affair, but is of as firm a business basis as the National League itself. Why, the moneyed people who are behind the Players' League are shrewd, successful business men. who certainly wouldn't put their cash into a risky enterprise. Another thing: The idea that the players have entire control of the new League is wrong. It is a stock com-pany pure and simple. Each stockholder votes according to his stock.

So busy were the Delegates to the Players' League Convention in comming over, word for word, the constitution and by-laws, that they had no time to consider the admission of St. Louis to the circuit of clubs, It will be either St. Louis or Pittsburg-perhaps both.

Will Jimmy Carroll put in a claim on Jack McAuliffe for the light weight championship belt? This is the question sporting men are asking one another. If he does they think Jack will have a perfect right to hold on to it, as he has defended it more than the specified number of times required. The circumstances under which McAuliffe forfeits the light-weight championship to Carroll are peculiar. Jack won the light-weight championship as a boy, while now that he has reached the age of manhood he has outgrown the light-weight class.

The prevailing opinion in the East is that Jack will make it very warm for Jimmy Carroll at 137 pounds. Five thousand dollars will be a till sum for Jack to win. The contest will take place in February at the California Athletic Club.

The Kiugs County Wheelmen bowling

The Kings County Wheelmen bowling team and the team of the Citizens' Biorole Club meet to-night for the third time this season.

Arthur Townsend, the amateur billiardist, is playing a remarkably fine game this year.

The Kings County Wheelmen hold their annual election the latter part of this month.

Bicycling is making great strides in the South. Wheelmen's organizations are starting up in all the larger cities. About the most interesting topic of dis-cussion nowadays among knights of the wheel is as to who shall be President of the Wheelmen's League next year. There is a prospect that the canvas will be a hot one.

Col. McAlpine takes Ed Talcott's place as delegate from the New York Players' League Club, in order to become a candidate for the Presidency of the new League.

Jack Carey, of Jorsey City, is anxious to meet Cal McCarthy in the ring. meet Cal McCarthy in the ring.

Tim Keefe went on a shooting trip recently, and the boys haven't stopped asking him about it yet. History has it that Tim was walking along a road densely lined wish underbrush and trees, when he suddenly imped about six feet dropped his gun in his excitement and cried out; 'Heavens' what a thursder-clap! I thought the season for thunder-storms had passed." Just then a big flock of pheasants swooped across the yea!, nearly knocking Tim and his companion of their feet. What Tim mistock for thunder was merely the whirring of the birds' wings. Tim, alast failed to get a single pheasant over the dinner plate. Tim blushes now whenever any allusion is made to a thunder shower.

PORTRAIT OF WESLEY.

An Interesting Painting Added to

Lincoln College Collection. Lincoln College, says the Oxford Magasine, has recently purchased a picture of John Wesley, which has been pronounced on competent authority to be either the the original or a replica of a picture painted by James Williams, and sold by

him Sept. 10, 1743.

Some confusion was created in the minds of the purchasers by the discovery in Oxford of a mezzotint engraving by Faber of Williams's picture with the name of Charles in place of that of John Wesley, However, a visit to the Hope collection has set doubt at rest.

There are two or three engravings of Williams's picture with the title of John Wesley. Besides, the features of the two brothers are different, and John Wesley is always represented with his hair flowing, while Charles appears in a round bushy wite. him Sept. 10, 1743.

More than this, it is stated in Smith's 'Mezzotinto Portraits' that, on No. IV. of Faber's engravings of Williams's picture, John was altered to Charles, probature, John was altered to Charles, proba-bly to suit a change of popular tasts. The minds of the purchasers have there-fore now be n set at ease.

Their picture is not perhaps a great work of art, but is interesting as repre-senting John Wesley at the time he was a Fellow of Lincoln, and younger than in the more common representations.

HOW TO COOK MACARONI.

The Sauce Is the Most Important

Part of the Dish. Many private families try to have maca roni a la Italienne, and because the dish does not taste as good as it does at the restaurant they think there is some great secret about making the sauce, which is the most important and difficult part of the work, says S. Moretti in the Indian-

apolis Aces

This is not so. The receipt for making
the dish can be found in any large cook
book; the sauce is made with meat gravy
to which is added wine, tomatoes, and

to which is added wine, tomatoes, and imported tomato paste.

The tomatoes in this country are too watery to be used alone, and the use of the imported paste, which is rich and strong, and which comes from Geneva, is made necessary.

The sauce, in order to be good, must be made in very large quantities, and this no private family can afford to do; besides it is very expensive, and the cook must be watching the pot for five or six hours to see that the liquid is being done properly.

done properly.

Of late years I have had to prepare the article for a great many people daily. I will use, say twenty-five p mnds of meas and a proportionate amount of the other ingredients, and the gravy will be boiling from 8 o'clock in the morning until a late of the desire of the control of the other ingredients, and the gravy will be boiling from 8 o'clock in the morning until a late of the desire of the control of the desire of the control of the desire of the control of the

o'clock in the afternoon. Going Higher.

Mrs. Beansoup (to Mr. Frontroom) -- So you attended the meeting of the Independent Order of Boarders last night ? Mr. Frontroom-1 accidentally stumbled

into the meeting.
"And you declared in burning words that the time has come when boarders should rise above the tyranny of the boarding-house keeper."

I may have said something to that ef-

Well, as you wish to rise. I've sent your trunk up to the fourth floor back. Next time you make a bad break about boarding-house tyranny you'll room on the root."